



Sacrifice—The Price of Victory

To Our Allies, To Our Fighting Men, To the Folks at Home

*Address delivered by CAPTAIN FRANK EDWARDS, Royal Fusiliers,
at the Convention of the MINNESOTA BANKERS ASSOCIATION at
Minneapolis, on June Twenty-eight, Nineteen Hundred and Eighteen*



—FROM—
WILEY ILM HEADQUARTERS
PORT ARTHUR, ONT.

Compliments of
STOVEL COMPANY LIMITED
Printers and Publishers
Winnipeg

7

• 10 10 10 10 10



Sacrifice—The Price of Victory

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I am very sincerely grateful to you for your very cordial welcome this morning. I accept it entirely in the spirit in which you offer it. It is intended in no personal sense, I know; but you offer it to me to-day because, in some unworthy way, I represent your Allies and the men now fighting the line, not only the fighting men of the line but the men who have been maimed, mutilated, wounded,—aye, and in a still more unworthy sense, I represent, gentlemen, the unreturning dead, the men who are sleeping and waiting on many battlefields, waiting to-day for the hour when you with others shall splendidly finish the work they so gloriously began. May I remind you at the outset that, however great your glories as a nation in the past, however great your privations and sacrifices in the day that lies before you, nevertheless, your sufferings, your privations, and your sacrifices hitherto are trivial and insignificant when compared with the sorrow and the suffering,—aye, the heart agony, of Belgium and of France and of England also, the Allies who for four long years have stood shoulder to shoulder with you in this great conflict for freedom and liberty the wide world over.

My message to you, gentlemen, this morning, is a very simple one; in many respects it is a very serious one. We are all dreaming of victory, praying for victory, toiling for victory but, men and women of America, there is only one road to victory, and that is the road through struggle and through sacrifice. The road to victory lies through solid achievement and stern sacrifice and there is no other way.

I wonder sometimes why it was that our government selected me for this mission to America. I may say in a word why I am here. Your government, the government of the United States, approached the British war office and the British government with a request asking that a number of officers who had spent some years in the front lines in France might be sent over to this country to tell the people of the United States something of the actual condition of things now obtaining at the front, and to bring home, as far as it is humanly possible, to bring home something of the pathos and reality and tragedy of war. I have sometimes wondered why our government sent me, possibly the explanation may be this. I served two and a half years in the South African war and upon one occasion I managed to get a Boer bullet in my jaw, and perhaps the government thought that a man whose jaw could recover from the shattering effects of the Boer war might be proof against the reaction of such a jaw-breaking job as the one now assigned to me.

At the beginning of this war, in 1914, I was in close relationship with a number of young men and, ladies and gentlemen, at the outset I saw that a war with Germany, desperate, ruthless, organized, prepared, was going to be a long, strenuous struggle, and I saw further that it was going to be, for England at any rate, a struggle for liberty and freedom and righteousness and God. So I did all in my power to induce these young men voluntarily, at the outset, to offer themselves in the service of their king and country. Right at the beginning six hundred of them enlisted without draft or con-

scription in any shape or form. Now they had done their part and it was up to me to do my part. I had to meet these lads' fathers and mothers, and do you think I could look any mother in the face if I had tried to send her lad to any place that I feared to go myself? They had gone into the army, I must go into the army again; they had gone as privates and, though I held a captain's commission in the South African campaign, I felt at this juncture I must go as they did and go through the ranks as a private. So I enlisted as a private and I have been all through the ranks as a private, lance corporal, corporal, lance sergeant, sergeant, a platoon sergeant, and second lieutenant, first lieutenant, captain and a company commander, and I am to-day a company commander in the same battalion in which I first enlisted as a private.

Now, I am telling you this, ladies and gentlemen, for one specific reason, and that is that I want every man and every woman here this morning distinctly to understand that if I appeal for sacrifice,—and I come here to do nothing less,—I am only asking every man and every woman to do for their part what I in some small degree have tried to do for my part. I am not asking anybody to do anything that I have not in the first place, in some small way, tried to do myself. And you know, the call for sacrifice is coming very near. The call for sacrifice is sounding clearer and louder and nearer every day. Service, in the past, ladies and gentlemen, has been enough; service henceforth will not be sufficient, sacrifice is needed.

You know this year, 1918, it is going to be a great year, a critical, a thrilling year for the world. The man I stand most in fear of to-day is not the man in the enemy line but the man behind our own lines; men and women of America, the man I am most afraid of to-day and the man most of the men in the line are afraid of to-day is the optimist, the blind and shallow optimist, the man who says that because America is "in," with all her resources everything is all right. The man who says that because of this disaster that befalls the enemy, or this event, or that incident or the other, everything, is all right, there is no need for personal sacrifice or self-denial or service on his part at all,—that is the man I am afraid of.

Let me put it to you in this way. One day, coming home on leave from France, I saw two men on the platform of the railway station at Truro, Cornwall, England. One man was reading a poster and he called the other man: "Bill, come here." And Bill came and looked at it and Bill's face glowed with delight. He said: "That is great, that is wonderful, America is in! America is in! Why," he said, "it is all over but the shouting!" America is in, it is all over but the shouting.

It was a great compliment to America. May I tell you in passing that it would be very difficult for me this morning to express to you the thrill of thankful exultation that passed through every heart of the British nation when your mighty nation stepped into this conflict. (Applause.) Now there is no man in this audience this morning who has a deeper admiration or a keener appreciation of the resources, the wealth, the might, the man power, the enthusiasm and tremendous resolution of your great nation than I, but, though "America is in," it is not all over "but the shouting," perhaps by a very long way. Look here,—there are days of great slaughter before the day of great shouting, and tens of thousands, perhaps hundreds of thousands of gallant men must go down, down the Valley of the Shadow, ere the day of victory dawns. It is a blood-red pathway that leads to the final triumph. And you know, ladies and gentlemen, the situation in the past

has been so critical and, indeed, in some respects still is so critical,—remember how near the enemy is to Paris, how near he is to Paris,—in some respects the situation still is so critical that it behooves every man and every woman who love their country to do their utmost to avert disaster by gaining and hastening a speedy and decisive victory.

Now, don't misunderstand me, will you, please? Don't misunderstand me when I speak of disaster. When I speak of disaster I am not thinking of defeat, ladies and gentlemen,—thank God, Mr. Chairman,—and here this morning as a man from the line, I have an unconquerable confidence in the ultimate triumph of the Allied cause. (Applause.) But there are other forms of disaster than defeat. You know that an unnecessarily prolonged war would be a disaster? You know it well, none better than you. A man said to me the other day: "It doesn't matter to us in America how long this war lasts, not at all." He said: "If we can't lick them this year, we will lick them next year; if we can't lick them then we will lick them the year after; if we can't lick them then we will go on until we do." It said very much for his spirit but it said very little for his common sense.

Ah, men and women, it does matter how long this war lasts; have you counted the cost of it, have you counted the cost of every added month and every added year? You know of the billions it has cost this year and you know something about the increasing ratio in the cost of each succeeding year. It does matter how long it lasts, but, after all, men, I am not thinking this morning when I speak of the cost, I am not thinking of billions,—I am thinking of your boys. I am not thinking of money, America, I am thinking of men. I am thinking of my own land and, through the experience of my own land, I am thinking of your land; I am counting the cost, not in money but in the blood of men, and the tears of women and orphaned little children and desolated homes. Oh, men and women, it does matter how long this war lasts, and it is the bounden duty of every man here to do his utmost as a patriot, not only to gain the ultimate victory, which I believe to-day is inevitable, but to gain that victory at the earliest possible hour.

Until the day of victory we must "Carry on, carry on," and I know what I am saying; I know the cost of it quite as much as anybody here this morning. Look here, men,—there is no one in this room this morning who longs for peace as I do. I am not here to glorify war, God forbid; no man in this room longs for peace as I do. I have had four years of this war and that means I have been away from home for four years and I have been cut off from the life of my home and my little children for four years—the happiest and loveliest years of their lives. I have a little boy at home, a year and a half old, and that little chap has never known peace; he has never known peace in his mother's heart; he has never seen peace in his mother's eyes. He said the other day, "Mother, what is peace?" A child question, what is peace? His mother tried to tell him in baby language. "Mother," he said, "does peace mean that daddy will come home?" "Yes, dear," she said. "Then, mother," he said, "why can't we have peace now?" I tell you, there are tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands, millions of our men in the line who long for peace now just as that little lad did; but much as I long for peace I can not purchase it, nor consent to purchase it by the betrayal of all that is true and right and sacred and good.

Therefore, knowing the pain, and the cost, the sacrifice and the price, the blood and the life,—I say we must "Carry on, carry on," until the day of victory dawns, the victory that shall mean a permanent and blessed

peace for our children and children's children. We must carry on. But all this means sacrifice, unspeakable sacrifice. You know I sometimes think that in America you stand to-day in very much the same place that we did in 1914. I know there still is, especially among your young people, there still is for you about war something of glamor, something of halo, something of romance and of adventure. Ah, but in England for us that has passed, never to return; we have drunk the cup of bitterness to the dregs. Let me put it this way, perhaps a concrete illustration will explain what I mean.

I have been in your country now four weeks, nearly five weeks. I left France on the 17th of April, in the middle or, rather, the latter part of that terrific drive at Cambrai. The first two weeks I spent in Iowa and I was in a town in the south of the State of Iowa, and I saw some boys going away as you say, on draft. The whole town was filled with enthusiasm and great excitement prevailed. Those boys, twenty of them, were going away to the camp to be trained; and when I saw the enthusiasm and the excitement and the partings, I thought of the drafted men I had taken,—we call our reinforcements drafts, I will call them reinforcements, that I had taken. During the Cambrai fight I came to England three times in ten days, and once I had to take back 2,000 men to stop the breach. I marched those 2,000 men through one of our southern ports on a Sunday morning. The people were standing along the streets, there were thousands of them there, but as I marched those men to the boat I marched silent men through silent streets, the street was as silent as you are this morning. There were 2,000 men going over, but they were going there to die. They knew it, and others knew it; and I remember seeing an old gray-headed man with a gray suit and a black band on his arm that told its own story, raising his hat reverently to the lads as they went by, and the women standing there fluttered their black-edged handkerchiefs which told their own story. Men marching in silence through spectators in silence, men going to die,—we drank the cup of bitterness to the dregs. There is no glamor, no halo, no romance about war for England to-day.

You know war is a sordid thing, but it calls for splendid qualities; sordid thing, yes, but it calls for splendid qualities. You know war calls for courage, for resolution, for self-denial, for sacrifice; yes, you say, from the man in the line,—oh no, that is where you make the mistake. It calls for these qualities as much from the man behind the line as it does from the men who are in the line. It calls for these qualities, not only from your lads in the line but from your men and women in the nation that sent them there; a sordid thing, but it calls for splendid qualities. Yes, America, the war has called out splendid qualities from you, too. You know that your nation, great as it was in the past, was never so great as in the hour when you stepped down from your pedestal of neutrality and took your part in this world conflict for right and God.

Some of you here this morning, fathers and mothers of boys who are gone, you know your boys, much as you love them in the past, were never so worthy of your love as in the day you sent them out knight-errants of God, to take part to fight for right and truth. But you know this great war, its cost in sacrifice to your Allies perhaps has never really been brought home to your homes, you don't know what it has cost England. You know, I never sit down to a meal in your country, this is literally true,—I never sit down to a meal in your country without a feeling of sadness. Oh, the plenty of your boards pains me, when I remember England. I have found

on my plate on several occasions more meat for one meal than my wife and three little children at home in England can possibly hope to get in a whole week. You don't know war, yet, America! I have seen groups of women and children, almost equal to this audience, out in the streets of our great towns, waiting hour after hour in the rain and weather for a store to open for a little while that they might possibly obtain a quarter of a pound of margarine, butter being quite out of the question. When in France coming home on leave I have been very anxious to bring home something that would be treasured and valued by my little children, and I have gone to the Expeditionary Force canteen and I have been very pleased and very proud if I have been able to purchase a pound of raisins or a pound of currants to put in my bag and take home as one of the greatest prizes I could bring them.

A man asked me the other day, there were a large number of bankers gathered together: "Have you ever seen so many bankers together before in one room?" I had the pleasure of addressing hundreds of bankers down in Iowa. I don't think I saw quite as many as are here this morning, but, gentlemen, I have seen many more bankers than this assembled together, British bankers. Where? I will tell you,—on the fields of France, marching into action. (Applause.) My regiment is the Royal Fusiliers' regiment and the 31st battalion of that regiment is entirely composed of bankers. I have seen a battalion of a thousand men marching into action, to fight and to die, and every man a banker.

That is our experience in England. Why, our business men in England, one man in three remains; two are taken from the business, one remains. He does the work of the other two and shares what profits there are with their families and all our business men, our business men in high places, serve four nights a week as special constables on the street. Why? Oh, because our police force is fighting in the line. Two thousand miles of our railways have been torn up, we sent thousands of locomotives, our rolling stock, across to France.

You don't know what it has cost us in man power. A man said to me the other day in America, he said: "You know, since we have come into this war, we are going to show the world what we can do, and this American nation is going to startle the world in this war." He said: "If needs be, we are going to put into the fields of France five million men." Five million men! You know, I couldn't help looking him in the eyes and asking him if he had forgotten what a colossal campaign this is, and whether it was not too late to expect to stagger the world by putting five million men in the field to-day. I said: "Look here, my friend, you know that in the first two years of the war Great Britain by voluntary enlistment without conscription of any kind, had brought five million men to the colors, and at the end of 1917 we had placed in the field in France—in the field—an army of six million men." And, I said, "you understand what that means to England? Six million men out of a population of forty-two millions, that is one man in seven of the whole of our population, old people, women and little children, one in seven." I said: "Your population in America is one hundred and ten millions, one-seventh of one-hundred and ten millions is nearly sixteen million. I don't say it boastfully, I am simply telling you what we in England have had to do, and when you have placed sixteen million men in the field, you will then have done what we were compelled to do in 1917."

Now, you men in America, you are in touch as very few others are, with all the labor and the financial conditions of the country. You know

the effect upon industry of the removal of that tremendous number of men, what their removal would mean to England, the equivalent of sixteen million men in America, and that at the end of 1917.

You know, men often ask me what are the lines of the British Army. A man said the other day: "What is your biggest army, where is the biggest British army?" I said: "Don't you know?" He said: "No, I do not." I said: "The biggest British army is under the sod." That is where the biggest British army is. In the first few months of the war,—these figures are quite authentic, I verified them at the British embassy before I venture to put them before you,—in the first few months of the war we lost 550,000 men; we lost 78 per cent of our entire fighting land forces in the first few months of the war. In the great retreat one division went into action 12,000 strong and 2,000 came out. Out of 400 officers in one engagement 50 returned. You talk about the Somme fight, you know what it cost us? 25,000 officers, half a million men, and I can't tell you about the Dardanelles. We lost in the first year in the war 550,000 in the second year of the war 650,000, in 1917 we lost 800,000 men. You know what France lost that same year? 300,000; that is to say, that in 1917 the British force lost half a million men more than France. The reason for this heavy loss was the fierce fighting in Flanders. You read about Passchendaele and Vimy Ridge and they are names to you, but oh, the cost of them. We lost 27,000 men in one month killed in Flanders, a portion of the line; at another point we lost, killed, 6,000 officers and 95,000 men killed. I can't tell you what we lost in March, but I know this, our officers' casualties were 10,000. Verdun, you have heard of Verdun, you know how many divisions were thrown in there? Twenty and a half divisions. Germany threw in twenty and a half divisions against Verdun from first to last. You know what was thrown in at Cambrai? She threw in in Cambrai 107 divisions and 102 of those were thrown against one point of the British line,—and some people are fools enough to ask: "Why was there a gap in your line?" Why was there a gap in your line? Why? Contrast the 20 divisions at Verdun with 102 divisions at Cambrai and with all that armament of Germany and you will understand why there was a gap in the line.

You know, you speak of the war as "over there," and rightly so, because your boys are over there and where your boys are your hearts are. Ah, but men and women of America, this war is a much bigger thing than "over there," if you mean Flanders and France. I know lads from many homes who are fighting the foeman in many fields. We have an army in the north-west frontier of India, another in Egypt, another in Palestine, another in Mesopotamia, hundreds of thousands of lads are sleeping in Gallipoli, we have an army in Saloniki, I have taken reinforcements twice to the army of Italy, and then we have the army of England, which, with the army of France, for four long years has been holding that line,—aye, that line with their backs to the wall, their backs to the wall, waiting, waiting, waiting, until your splendid lads are ready, ready in multitudes, not only to stand behind them to hold the line, oh, no, but in due time, not only to hold the line but to hurl back the enemy and set France and Belgium free.

You know how long that line is? It is 400 miles long, from Switzerland on the right to the sea on the left, from Switzerland to the sea, 400 miles long. I know you all have a picture of it in your minds; sometimes I think the picture is not sufficiently detailed to give you an adequate or accurate idea of the vastness of the territory devastated by war.

You sing very often "Keep the Home Fires Burning," and you sing it

very delightfully, but I am sure you think again and again while singing "Keep the Home Fires Burning" that it is not you that keep the home fires burning. Oh, thank God, people of America, that you live in this happy, in this beautiful land, so far away from the havoc and the ravages and the tragedy of war. "Keep the Home Fires Burning." Remember your home fires are burning to-day because myriad home fires in another nation have been put out. Your homes are free through the sacrifice of other homes in their defense; your little children are safe and happy through the sacrifice of countless thousands of little children in other lands. "Keep the Home Fires Burning." Your home fires are burning in the shelter of those front lines stretching across the fields of France, the frontier of your country is not your own coast, it is this trench carved line across the fields of France.

You know I have sometimes walked up and down those front line trenches in the cold, rainy, inclement weather and I have seen the little fires of the lads in the line, little fire buckets, just buckets with holes knocked into them, and a handful of coal or wood or charcoal, and there they were burning and sputtering fitfully in the moisture of the trenches. I have looked at them and thought, what pitiful fires they are! I looked again and I said: "No, they are grand fires, the grandest fires in the world, because they were the advance guard of the fires of freedom the wide world over." Oh, yes, keep the home fires burning, but remember it is only possible for you to do this in the shelter of the life and sacrifice of your lads in the line.

But, oh, how much it has cost France, that line 400 miles long? What is the breadth of the area of devastation? You take the enemy front line, 400 miles long; the front line trench, a jagged, irregular line. Behind it, a quarter of a mile behind, you have the support line; and then, behind that again, about a mile behind, you have the reserve line. Behind that other lines and other lines and other lines, back, back, back, to the line of their great guns, so close together you can hardly distinguish one battery from the next.

Between their trenches and ours you have No-man's land. People have asked me: "How wide is No-man's land? How far away were you from the enemy's trenches across No-man's land?" And they are sometimes surprised when I tell them that for seven weeks I was fighting in a certain sector of the trenches, the closest point of which was about 35 yards from the nearest point of the enemy trenches. We could hear them speaking together plainly, we could hear them shouting to ourselves, we could hear them speaking to us sometimes in quite uncomplimentary terms and on more than one occasion I have heard our lads returning with interest the compliments.

A tiny little British Tommy, he was a very tiny chap, brought in a big, burly Prussian officer and, as they stood together, it was interesting to see the lofty way in which this Prussian officer looked down upon the English Tommy. He looked down upon him from every point of view, nationally, physically, socially and intellectually and every other way until you wondered how there was anything left of that little Tommy. He said to him at last, very disdainfully: "You fight for money." Just fancy, you bankers, fancy a man telling a British Tommy that he fights for money,—and you know how much the poor fellow gets? Twenty-five cents a day; he fights and dies for 25 cents a day,—when he gets it, and there are all sorts of deductions for insurance, for fines (Tommy has a genius for fines), for all sorts of things, and if you look at the pittance that remains, you know, it is positively cruel to tell Tommy Atkins that he fights for money. (Laughter.) Oh no, oh

no, Tommy Atkins fights for something else that is wonderfully grander than money. Tommy Atkins does not fight for money. Tommy was equal to the occasion. He looked up at the big Prussian and he asked him what he fought for. "I fight for honor," said the Prussian. "Ah, yes," said Tommy, "we are both fighting for what we haven't got."

I told you that No-man's land was 35 yards across, in some places it is a half mile or a mile or more. On the other side, we have our front line trench. Behind that the support trench, about a quarter of a mile between them, and then the reserve trench and back and back and back to the line of our great guns and they are great mammoth guns, colossal. One Tommy was asked one day what they looked like. He said they looked like the day of judgment and they weighed something like a small factory. But have you ever thought of the distance between the German line of guns, 7 or 8 miles behind their lines, and our line of guns behind our lines and all the area between devastated. That area has been added to because the armies have been pressing each other to and fro and to and fro, and the area of destruction has widened with the pressure. To-day the area of destruction is 50 to 60 miles wide, 400 miles long, 60 miles wide, think of it.

I have been charmed beyond expression with your beautiful country. I have been here now nearly five weeks and I have travelled in the states of Iowa and Wisconsin and yesterday in your state, and I can't tell you how its loveliness and beauty and fertility have appealed to me; and yet, behind the charm of its beauty there has been sadness, because I could not forbear contrasting the beauty of your land, your happy fertile land, with the war-wasted land from which I came.

You know you might divide the people of France,—I know that many of you here to-day, are going back to your districts as missionaries of loyalty, will you tell your people something about the condition of these agriculturists of France?—you might divide the people of France into three great classes; the agriculturist behind the line, those whose homes were once behind the enemy line, those between the lines and those behind our lines. Thank God, you fathers and mothers of America, that your home is in this land. Although your boys are in the line you know it is a fine thing for the American lads to fight with the knowledge that their homes are safe, they have no anxiety or dread about their home behind. When your American lads are fighting they can face their front and say, "It is all right behind." Ah, it means everything. "Our homes are three thousand miles back and they are safe." Look at that Frenchman, fighting in the front line, a young married man. All married men of England and France are called up; you call yours "boys," do you not? We call ours "men," "men," our men are gone. You could not find an audience like this this morning in any country in the world outside of America, in any fighting country of the world outside of America an audience of this description would be impossible. Men have gone,—aye, and men have died. Think of that young Frenchman fighting the line a married man. His home,—he has got no home,—his home in enemy hands, his wife taken away, he knows not where, to be a slave or worse, his little children pariahs and outcasts save as they are picked up by the tender, the wonderful, the merciful ministrations of your great American Red Cross. (Applause.) But that man can't think of home. I tell you, men and women, that man's home, if he could see it would be a horror. Oh, I have been there, I have been through the Somme fight, I have seen these people when we passed them back and some of those French homes were horrors.

Your lads gets letters from home telling them all is well. And, fathers and mothers, do write your boys and tell the neighbors to write. Mothers, you know a letter from home in the trench, I speak from experience, is like a gleam from heaven. Mothers, write your boys and tell the people to write the right sort of letter. Don't write about the war, they are in the war. Don't write news, so-called, tell the people to write tender, intimate letters of home, letters that you wouldn't think of writing to anybody else in the world. For instance, when you are writing, mothers, tell the lad what the old daddy is doing now, it don't matter what it is, tell mother to write the boy what she is doing, if only washing or baking, it doesn't matter, what the boys and girls, the brothers and sisters, are doing. Tell him about the garden, about the farm, about the crops; make the letters so full of home that it shall bring home near to the heart of the boy in the trenches. At the other end he will tell his friend: "I have had a letter from home to-day, daddy is all right, mother said he was doing so and so when she wrote me, mother is all right. She was worried about me but she has had my letter and she is all right again. The boys and girls are all right."

But that French lad never gets a letter from home. A Frenchman was brought wounded to our lines and taken to the hospital and it was heart-breaking to hear him call out. His young wife had been taken away with a baby he had never seen. He kept calling out: "She will come back! She will come back! She will come back!" The sister asked: "Why do you say that?" "Oh, sister," he said, "if I didn't say that I shall go mad. She will come back, she will come back." Men of America, side by side with such sacrifice and suffering as this you do not know what war is, you do not know what war is!

Look here, we have had a great many loans of our government bonds. Do you know that we have never had a drive, we have never yet had a drive? Why? Oh, because our people are face to face with war and the sacrifice of war and the pain and cost of it, and when you are face to face with sacrifice in this day of realities, God help the man who sits down to think of dollars, to think of dollars. Why,—maybe I am tiring you, I don't want to keep you too long this morning.

(Cries of "Go on, go on." Applause.)

May I give you a personal instance this morning as to how this thing affects our English lads. I was in the line in 1915, up in the trenches, and I was more anxious about the safety of my wife and little children at home than I was about some of the things that went on in the trenches. They lived there in Howden, Yorkshire, in those defenseless days when the Zeppelins came over and worked their will without resistance or interference on our part. Well, seven nights out of ten my wife had to bring the three little children downstairs at night, waking them up when the signal sounded that the Zeppelins were coming, waking them up and taking them downstairs into the cellar, making little beds for two of them in the cellar under the table with mattresses and other things, just as a mother will, not that that would have been of the slightest use if a bomb had dropped, seven nights out of ten, waiting, waiting, waiting in anxious fearfulness all through the night until about 5 in the morning when the "All Clear" would be sounded, and then rest after that troubled night. And one night of the seven they came, four Zeppelins, dropping bombs, bombs, bombs, for twenty minutes on that defenseless city. In the block adjoining our house forty-three were killed in the wreckage of their own little homes, nearly all women and

children. My wife wrote me two or three days afterwards and she said: "I was never so reconciled to your going out to fight as I am now." She said: "The other night when those devils were overhead, trying to destroy my helpless, innocent, happy little children, who had never harmed or injured them in any way, then," she said, "I was glad that my husband was out in France fighting them."

You know to-day what we are fighting for; God help the man who is so blind he doesn't know. What are we fighting for? You know, America, what we are fighting for and what you are fighting for, too, in the same conflict. Take the people whose homes were on No-man's land,—I am not going to describe No-man's land now, it is a wilderness of desolation which was once covered with lovely homes and farms and pretty towns, like your land. Everything is blotted out, everything that makes for comfort or beauty or fertility blotted out. I have pictures in my possession showing the women searching for their homes. They can not find the places where the homes stood, all blown away. Farmyards turned into dug-outs, road transformed into running sewers, fields carved up by trenches running in every direction, six feet deep, the ground heaped in mounds all over the country, great shell holes twenty feet across, fifteen feet deep, full of foul, stagnant water, all over No-man's land you can see in the shell holes the upturned faces of unburied men. One time near Souchez as the result of the unsuccessful attempt to capture Vimy Ridge in 1915 by the French, I saw in the summer of 1916, eight or nine months after, perhaps more, 100,000 unburied bodies of the sons of France, not far from Souchez. That is No-man's land. They are all buried now, bodies identified and the graves cared for, but in 1916 they had lain out there for eight or nine months, 100,000 unburied sons of France.

Will you answer me one question this morning? What is going to become of these poor French farmers, or rather, their families? They have gone, don't forget that, they have gone, but what is to become of their families? You say, they will be compensated. By whom? By the French government? No; the French government can not compensate them, France is too poor. She has laid her all upon the altar. By England? England is poor too, and rapidly becoming poorer every day. By America? No, America is not responsible. Look here, men and women, there is only one nation on the face of this earth that is morally responsible before God and humanity for the compensation due to these people of France. It is a solemn duty devolving sacredly upon every man in this liberty-loving land, to do his utmost to the point of extreme sacrifice to gain such a victory, so compelling and decisive that Germany, the author of all this pain and suffering, shall be compelled to pay for that havoc and destruction.

But, men of America, it is not a matter of sentiment, it is a matter of God-given trust, and Divine responsibility. I might say that the people behind our lines are very sad. They are living under conditions of war, under martial law. Do you know what it means to have millions of men and war equipment in the land? It means that your ordinary roads and by-ways are congested, so you can't travel. I have seen a poor old peasant woman a quarter of a mile from her house waiting for eight or nine hours for a chance to cross a road to go home. You will have an enormous amount of baggage and impedimenta to transport and you have millions of men traveling to and fro in every direction, and every million you send, let me say, you will interpret it in the sense I mean, adds to the discomfort and drain of the country behind the lines. You will understand the way in which I say it.

I mean to say, the demands of the war, your responsibilities and the demands of the war react upon the comforts and industry of these people. They are living under conditions of war; and every farm and every house in France is a billeting station for troops. When our lads come out of the trenches they are so exhausted they come staggering away. They go back to be reinforced and recruited, and on every farm house you see a notice, showing where the different regiments are to go. The whole farm is taken possession of, so many in the house, so many in the barn, so many in the stable, etc., and the farmers have to provide the straw. What profits do they get? War profits,—one cent per man per night, that is all, straw included. And that has been going on for four years. When one company is marching out, another company is marching in, and one of the rooms—there are very few rooms in the houses—one of the rooms is taken by the officers where they eat and sleep and transact their company business. What about the farmers, the men and women of the farms? Oh, leave the men out of the question, they are not there, many of them, myriads of them never will be there any more. Only the women are carrying on. What are the women saying, don't they complain? No, women of America, if you knew what war was you would never ask: "Do they complain?" They say: "It is war, it is war, it is war," and they bear it all, and you know, those women of France would rather have, after all, your clean-faced, clean-hearted American and British boys billeted upon their farms for their protection than they would have the alternative, the nearer approach of the dreaded enemy with all his foulness and vileness and wrong. "It is war, it is war," thank God, America, war has never touched you in that sense; and the women of France, they are wonderful, but they are carrying on.

May I say in passing, I won't keep you very much longer, may I say that the women of England are wonderful also? Would it surprise you if I told you that there are working in France 10,000 British women, I don't mean as Red Cross workers, but working as navvies, 10,000, with pick and shovel, behind the lines, University girls, high-school girls, girls from homes where they were loved as tenderly as your daughters are; they have gone out to work. Why? Oh, because of our man power, America, because of our man power. They have gone out, 10,000 of them, each one to release a British soldier from behind the lines, so that through their sacrifice we may have 10,000 more British men in the line, to hold the line until the men of America are ready to stand beside them.

When I came out of Glasgow down the Clyde I saw thousands of British women shipbuilding beside the men, women of Britain building ships besides the men of Britain, to carry some of your surplus food to the children and our soldier lads and to bring your soldier lads also to stand beside them in the line. Women are running our businesses in England, our branch managers of banks are women, our cashiers in many banks of the country are women, our railway porters are women. If you traveled in England to-day it would be a woman who would come to take your grip and to handle your baggage and lift your trunk and to do all those things, if you are woman enough to let her.

Do you know,—I will close with this,—that the women of England saved the world in 1915? I leave it to you: I was in the line in 1915 and my trenches on one occasion were so bombarded, they were beaten down to the ground during the day and all night my lads toiled to rebuild them to save their lives, and again the bombardment continued. Men were maimed, blown out of existence, casualties, casualties, casualties, repeated

all the time with heart-breaking regularity. Another man, another man, two men, other men, and our guns were strangely silent. The enemy's guns never ceased and the fire never faltered, but our guns were silent. And I phoned back to our batteries behind the line, the batteries there for our protection. I phoned back to retaliate, and then we crouched down behind our broken mass of trenches, waiting to hear the scream of our shells going over to protect us. But we heard nothing. I phoned back again: "Retaliate, bombardment heavy, casualties serious," and we waited and waited but heard nothing. And again I sent an even more urgent message because we were almost beaten, and then the reply came, the old English reply: "Carry on, carry on! Hold the line at all costs, but we can't retaliate, we have got no shells."

Ah, you people of America, you don't know what this war meant to us in the beginning in all our unpreparedness. "We have got no shells,"—and there are some fools to-day who still say that England wanted war. "We have got no shells!" My men were there, flesh and blood in the line, and no shells, pounded into fragments by the high explosives of the enemy's fire!

Mr. Lloyd George, my great fellow-countryman, called together the women of England. He asked: "Will you save the line?" They said: "Yes." 800,000 of them went into our factories, transformed into munition works; and to-day we have 93 national arsenals and we have 5,000 great factories controlled by the government changed into munition works and we have 5 million women working for England, to save England and save the line, and 70 per cent of all the machine work on our shells and fuses and trench warfare equipment is the product of the labor of women. Women saved the line in 1915 and, saving the line, they saved the world.

That is why I am so confident, men of America, that we are going to win. This is not a mere flamboyant boast, I am confident we are going to win for this reason. I can not understand why Germany did not win in 1915, I am wondering if I shall ever understand. In 1915 and the beginning of 1916, in that awful time, I took 250 men in the line. They worked for the greater part of the time waistdeep in melted snow, water and ice with me and we were kept there for twenty-three days because there were no forces behind us to relieve us. Out of that 250 men I brought out 60 staggering cripples, and I wondered why the enemy had not got through. But I know this, that if he could not beat us in 1915 and 1916 when he had everything in his favor and we had nothing in our favor, then, men of America, I know he can not beat us in 1918 and 1919 when we have everything in our favor and he has nothing in his favor. We are bound to win.

May I ask you, in order to win, will you put your patriotism before everything? Put your patriotism before your profits, will you? I know a man can make profits at this period as honestly as he can at any period of the world's history. But there is one very strange and sad quality attached to all the profits you make to-day, and this is it. All your profits made to-day, men, are blood-bought. That is the message that I leave with you from the line,—all your profits are blood-bought. They are bought with the blood of lives. Look here,—is it right that one man should give his son to die that another man should selfishly grow rich in the shelter of the first man's sacrifice. Is it right, America? I do not say anything about your getting your profits but I do say this,—for God's sake, America, use them rightly, use them rightly! They are bought with the blood of men, not of

distant Englishmen, or distant Frenchmen, but they are bought,—to-day it is coming nearer,—they are bought with the blood also of American boys, not boys of distant states,—it is coming nearer,—your own state, your own town, aye, the boys that worshipped in your church, passed through your schools, curly-headed lads that played in your streets, boys, perhaps, of your own homes, who have gripped your hands and laughed in your faces,—it is their blood and their sacrifice, that makes it possible for profits to be made in this country to-day.

Put your patriotism before your profits, play the game, America; hurry up, America, I know you will, I know you will. And I know that when this great nation realizes as it will some day the real nature of war, and your men will be as grand as the men of your Allies have been and as grand as your lads in the line to-day are and have already proved themselves to be, and your women will be as splendid and as heroic as the women of England and the women of France. (Prolonged applause.)

